

The
Mob Law

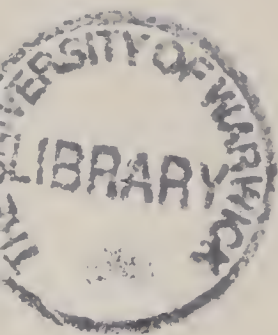
Domestic Drama
in two acts

By
Howard Paul

1853

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THE MOB CAP.

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THE MOB CAP ;

OR,

LOVE'S DISGUISES.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

HOWARD PAUL.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,
April 13th, 1853.*

CHARACTERS.

SIR HARRY GRAHAM	.	.	.	MR. CHARLES SELBY.
RUPERT STANLEY	.	.	.	MR. DAVENPORT.
BLUE DICK	.	.	.	MR. YARNOLD.
LADY MARION	.	.	.	MISS FANNY VINING
MRS. STANLEY	.	.	.	MRS. GRIFFITHS.
FLORENCE STANLEY	.	.	.	MISS E. FEIST.
PATTY PEEPO	.	.	.	MISS SAXON.

A lapse of One Month between the Acts.

PERIOD—1830.

COSTUMES.

RUPERT.—Plain black suit.

SIR HARRY.—*1st Dress*—A grey costume, with wig and whiskers for pedlar's disguise.

2nd Dress—Gentleman's light travelling habit.

DICK.—Smart livery.

LADY MARION.—*1st Dress*—An elegant demi-toilette.

2nd Dress—Cloak, large old-fashioned mob cap, spectacles.

FLORENCE.—Plain white dress, sash, hat, &c.

PATTY.—Chintz muslin, petticoat, &c.

MRS. STANLEY.—Neat old lady's dress.

This drama cannot be performed without the written permission of
the Author.

THE MOB CAP;

OR,

LOVE'S DISGUISES.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A beautiful rustic view, with landscape seen through a vista of trees and shubbery—A plain cottage on L., covered with vines and flowers—An ornamental villa R., with bower and bank R.C.*

FLORENCE and MRS. STANLEY discovered.

MRS. S. You say truly, my child, Lady Marion is very kind and condescending.

FLOR. She is indeed an amiable creature. Rupert will be delighted with her society. Dear mother! my heart leaps with joy at his coming, and, now that I expect him, every moment seems an age.

A SHOUT at back, L., as from VILLAGERS—FLORENCE retires up.

MRS. S. We have not seen Lady Marion these three days. But I forget—Patty told me she had gone up to London. (*goes up*)

FLOR. (*joyfully*) Oh, mamma! Rupert is here! I had a glance of him where the road bends by the hedge. I must fly to meet him!

Exit.

PATTY enters from cottage, R.H., and looks after FLORENCE and MRS. STANLEY.

PATTY. If going up to London puts my lady in such a fluster, I wish she'd give home her undivided presence. Lor! bless me, what's the matter with the Stanleys? I suppose young Mr. Rupert's doin' of this. I think I understand what my lady meant by sayin' there was such a spirited young gentleman in the coach. But I mustn't gossip, for gossip won't skim the milk.

Exit through the arbour, R.H.

*Enter RUPERT, with his arm around the waist of FLORENCE—
MRS. STANLEY meets him at back.*

MRS. S. My beloved son! (*embrace*)

RUP. Dear mother, sweet sister, judge what happiness is mine to be able to be with you once again.

FLOR. Brother, I'm so glad you have returned. We have lived five long months in expectation of this happy hour.

MRS. S. Yes, my son, and every night has a prayer fallen from my lips that you might once more return to those who love you best and dearest.

RUP. Dear kind mother, I feel you have prayed for me, and I have struggled to merit your blessings. How often have I thought of you and Florence. I've gone to sleep night after night with those black gipsy eyes of hers watching over me like guardian angels. (*she turns away playfully*) I've good tidings. What do you think, Florence?—I've conquered Coke, and his friend Littleton, and have the honour of a membership to the bar.

FLOR. Glorious! Only think, mamma, Rupert is a barrister. Bless me, I'm afraid to come near him. I know I should be if he had on a great gown and wig.

MRS. S. You must be weary, my son, I'll find something to cheer you.

He embraces her, and she goes into cottage, L.H.

RUP. Well, Florence, what news have you for me?—has anything happened?—who is married?—who—who?—

FLOR. There, there, I know who will interest you. Our beautiful neighbour, Lady Marion, who is everything that is lovely.

RUP. I confess the portraits you drew of her in your letters were vivid in the extreme; but you are young and enthusiastic. I made all due allowance. And she lives in Lord Lessington's late summer retreat?

FLOR. Lady Marion is his daughter.

RUP. Impossible! She that married in London three years ago, and was soon after left a widow in Naples? How singular!

FLOR. Oh, she is such a kind loveable creature, and I never feel so happy as when I'm chaunting her praises. I often talk to her about you, Rupert, and she says, and says it earnestly, too, "if I had a kind brother how happy it would make me." I can't help loving her when she speaks thus warmly.

LADY MARION enters from cottage, L.H., unseen, and hears the conversation from the bower.

RUP. I've no doubt she's well worthy of your esteem, my dear sister.

FLOR. And her house is superbly appointed. You never saw such taste and elegance. I declare after being in her grand drawing-room, I feel quite ashamed of our plain little parlor. Her damask curtains—

RUP. Put aside the curtains for the present, I've a mail coach

adventure to tell you (*he draws FLORENCE'S arm within his own, and takes stage during the following*). There came a passenger with me, a very old lady, who wore a great mob cap—I shall never forget it—and a pair of huge spectacles. There were two or three young men also in the coach, who amused themselves at the old lady's expense, and I took it upon myself to reprove them for their ill manners. The old creature seemed very thankful for my intercession, and we got into conversation. I found her extremely agreeable; she asked me my name—where I lived—and fifty questions concerning my family, all of which I answered. Among others she spoke of Lady Marion, and enquired if I knew her. I told her I did not, but that my sister had frequently spoken of her, in her letters, in the most rapturous manner. In short, the old Mob Cap and I got on most amiable terms, and when she left the coach I felt a deep regret.

FLOR. How odd! Did she tell you her name?

RUP. It never occurred to me to ask it, though I imparted my own so freely. When I assisted her out of the coach—about two miles hence, only—she pressed my hand warmly, and said, "she should not be unmindful of my kindness."

FLOR. The dear singular old creature. Perhaps she is rich, and without heirs.

RUP. There is no fear of that.

FLOR. Come, Rupert, you must need refreshment. Mamma will be waiting, and while you are entertaining her with this pleasant circumstance, I'll seek Lady Marion.

Exeunt into Cottage, L.H.

Enter LADY MARION from bower.

LADY M. (C.) It seems my young neighbour has had quite a romantic time with the old lady in the mob cap. ~~Since Florence has told me of her brother's many acts of goodness, I, myself, feel a~~ strange, unconscious interest in him (*takes letter from pocket*) I don't know when I've been so pleasurably startled as I am by this letter. Only to think of my chivalric cousin, Sir Harry Graham, taking it into his giddy head to desert Pall-Mall for a country visit. By this time he must be on his way, ~~that's the best of it.~~

Re-enter FLORENCE, L.H.

—Why, Florence, dear!

FLOR. (*anxiously*) Oh, dear lady Marion, my brother has arrived—I—I'm so anxious you should see him—he's just been talking of you. (*aside*) Dear me, how foolish I am!

LADY M. What a little flutterer it is.

FLOR. And you have been up to London, and never told us a syllable that you were going.

LADY M. I like to steal away silently, sometimes; you appreciate me better when I return.

FLOR. How can you say so?

LADY M. By the way, Florence, there is something in this letter that concerns you.

FLOR. Me! The idea!

LADY M. You remember the story I told you of a cousin of mine—an eccentric, mad-cap fellow, who used to be fond of disguise—going through Kent, dressed as a minstrel?

FLOR. To be sure I do. Sir Harry Graham.

LADY M. Well, that same Sir Harry is on his way to Alderbrook; but, if I divine rightly, his visit is not altogether in compliment to me.

FLOR. No! Then to whom?

LADY M. The truth is, my dear Florence, I have been writing fascinating accounts of you—there, don't blush—and, in this letter, he talks of making a "pilgrimage to the Shrine of—" I won't tell you what Saint, for you are blushing like a peony.

FLOR. And enough to make me, too. Oh! how could your ladyship be so cruel! ~~You know I'm the silliest rustic in the world.~~ I can never meet him after that.

LADY M. Ha, ha! my little bird is easily frightened! ~~You must not destroy the fair web of romance I'm weaving for you.~~ In honour of my cousin's visit, I've determined on giving a party, and without the ceremony of a formal invitation—consider yourself, mamma, and brother expressly invited.

FLOR. You are too kind.

LADY M. And hold yourself in readiness to meet Sir Harry. I'm sure you'll like him—made up, as he is, of whim and generosity. Ha, ha! he'll tell you his story of the minstrel, and how he kissed the prelate's daughter—trust him for that—ha, ha!

Exit into cottage, R.H.

FLOR. Was there ever such a sweet, wicked lady, to write about poor me to her noble cousin—who, I suppose, is a dashing London gentleman, and as proud as Lucifer. I declare, I feel already in quite a tremor!

Enter SIR HARRY at back, U.E.L., disguised as a pedlar.

—A travelling pedlar!

SIR H. I beg your pardon, Miss—can I dispose of anything in the jewellery line? (*opens his box, which he carries in front of him by a strap round his neck*) I've a rare assortment.

FLOR. Not at present, thank you. If our cottage can afford you any comfort, you are welcome.

SIR H. You're very good. I'm desirous of disposing of something if it's ever so trifling: a silver thimble, or a buckle. I was told there was a rich young widow, Lady Someone, living about here, who was very generous.

FLOR. Lady Marion Lovegood. Yes, she lives there. (*points R.H.*)

SIR H. I was told also that a Miss Stanley, her neighbour—the farmer's daughters say she is a paragon of good creatures—might do something to assist a poor fellow. (*FLORENCE turns away to conceal a rising blush, which SIR HARRY observes*) Now, look at these bracelets, they are fit for a queen.

FLOR. They are charming, but I fear I am unable to purchase.

SIR H. Hard luck! it would seem, the people of this county had

~~made up their minds to frown on gold and silver in any other form than that which bears his Majesty's portrait. (takes chain from box)~~
I'm always ready to promote trade. Perhaps now, you've some old trinkets you'd like to exchange for this.

FLOP. I think not. Now, I remember, I have a string of old-fashioned beads, but they would be of little use to you.

SIR H. Old gold is very pure, and it can be melted down, if that's all. Perhaps you'll let me see it?

FLOP. (*aside*) Grandmother's old relic. It seems a shame to part with them, but they cannot be of use, and I should like to have an ornament to wear at Lady Marion's party. (*after a moment's hesitation*) Yes, I will. If you'll wait a few moments, I'll look them up. (*going, pauses, and speaks abstractedly*) ~~These beads are almost all we have to recall the memory of dear old grandma. I think again what use can they be? she has long been sleeping 'neath the clods of the valley, there can be no harm. I will!~~

Exit into Cottage, L.H.

SIR H. (*reclines on bank*) I've almost struck one bargain to-day. What could have caused her hesitation, I wonder? There seems to be some objection to disposing of her old beads.

Enter PATTY from Cottage, R.H.

PATTY. Jemini! did I ever, or perhaps I didn't? Young man, I haven't the honour of knowing who you are, and neither shall I permit myself to enquire; but let me tell you that my mistress is not in the habit of allowing strangers to sprawl themselves about her property in this free-and-easy style.

SIR H. She can't object, Miss Chatterbox.

PATTY. Can't she. Well, 'pon my honour I never heard such impudence. Don't chatterbox me, but take yourself off.

SIR H. I'm only an honest pedlar, picking up an honest living. (*rises and comes down*)

PATTY. That's not all you pedlars pick up, if you have a chance. An honest pedlar, indeed! Now, not that I'm curious—(*opens the lid of his box*)

SIR H. Of course not.

PATTY. What does your stock consist of?

SIR H. Gems and ornaments.

PATTY. (*aside*) That's not so bad—this fellow may be worth consideration.

SIR H. Perhaps, you would like to look at them?

PATTY. (*aside*) Who knows but what he might open his heart, and give me something. (*aloud*) You may let me see what you've got.

SIR H. Here's a pair of ear-rings—gold and rubies.

PATTY. (*holds one to each ear and tosses her head*) Red, I'm afraid, don't suit my complexion. (*affectedly*)

SIR H. They make you look ten years younger.

PATTY. Why, you great stupid, I'm only twenty-three now, and I don't want to look thirteen. Take them back. (*throws them with contempt in the box*).

SIR H. Be careful, my little dear.

PATTY. And you be careful what you say. Remember that you are talking to——

SIR H. (*showing a ring*) A diamond !

PATTY. (*looks puzzled*) What did you say ?

SIR H. A diamond of about fifty-seven carats.

PATTY. (*regards him sharply for a moment*) Fifty-seven carrots. What on earth are you talking about ?

SIR H. It's clear you don't understand me.

PATTY. I don't know, but it strikes me I've been long enough in the world to know the difference between a diamond and a carrot ~~very slight inspection~~

SIR H. Ha, ha ! You don't understand me.

PATTY. It's some of your lingo. You might as well tell me I'm——

SIR H. (*shows another ring*) A carbuncle.

PATTY. (*fiercely*) A carbuncle ? What do you mean, sir ?—who do you call a carbuncle ?—why do you call me a carbuncle ? State your reasons for calling me a carbuncle !

SIR H. (*endeavouring to appease her*) My good girl, you mistake me,—this ring is a carbuncle.

PATTY. Oh ! that's a very different matter. I wondered what there was about me that looked like a carbuncle. How much is it ?

SIR H. To *you*, five shillings.

PATTY. Say four-and-six. Throw off sixpence for hurting my feelings.

SIR H. Good.

PATTY. Just wait till I examine my funds ; and if I've got so much to spare, I'll treat myself to this——what did you call it ?

SIR H. A carbuncle.

PATTY. (*counts on her fingers, going*) Four-and-six—four-and-six ! A carbuncle—going for four-and-six !

Exit into Cottage, R.H.

SIR H. Ha, ha, ha ! My young friend does not seem to be thoroughly learned in the names of gems. Carrots and Carbuncles seem an odd mixture to her.

Enter FLORENCE, with a small red morocco box, L.H.

FLO. (*taking a string of gold beads from box*) Here they are—and old-fashioned, to be sure ; but I heard grandmother say, when I was a child, they were of the purest gold.

SIR H. (*testing their weight in his hand*) They are heavy, but I don't think it would be an even bargain. I'll tell you what—this is a nice little box, and is just the thing to hold my stock,—throw that in, and the chain is yours.

FLO. The box is not worth much, but it is my brother's.

SIR H. Your brother will not want it, I dare say. (*shakes chain to attract her attention*) It's a beauty,—see how it sparkles !

FLO. (*aside*) ~~Don't not break a trust ? Fie, fie—how ridiculous !~~
(*turns out the contents of the box, among which is a letter, which*

she places in her bosom) There—and now, of course, the beads are yours also. (*kisses them—aside*) It seems like parting from an old friend. (*they exchange*) I trust you will thrive by your bargain.

SIR H. And, in return, I wish you much joy with your new ornament.

FLORENCE *places the chain round her neck, and turning away to go to the cottage, suddenly pauses, as if possessed by a sudden regret; again glances at the chain, then at the box, and exits in cottage, L.H., with a show of suppressed emotion.*

SIR H. How strangely this barter seems to affect the young lady! There is something wrong about it, evidently. But in these dull times, poor pedlars must not stop to inquire into the whys and wherefores of feminine confusion. I must get back to the inn by a cross path. (*examines each house minutely*) This is the spot I want, and I'm sure to remember it.

Exit L.H. 1 E.

Re-enter PATTY, from Cottage, R.H., clinking the money.

PATTY. Have you change for a guinea? Here it is. That's more than I can say of the pedlar, though. What impudence!—gone! (*looks off R.H. 1 E.*) Oh, there you go, my beauty! A fine business, to make me hurry-skurry through my chest, clean to the bottom—tumbling my petticoats, and spilling a box of complexion-powder over my hair-brush!

Enter BLUE DICK, laden with portmanteau, boxes, rifle, travelling apparatus, &c., L.H.U.E.

DICK. Was ever a gentleman's gentleman loaded down in such a beast-of-burden-like style? I look like a Parcels Delivery in convulsions. (*picks up the articles that are constantly falling*) It serves me right. Why didn't I tip the stable-boy a bob, and let him share the trouble? (*attempts to seize a box—falls*) I said I would. I'm not disappointed a bit. (*rises and takes card from pocket*) First on the right,—this must be it. (*goes to knock at cottage R.H., when PATTY steps before him, and receives a thump on the shoulder*) I beg your pardon, Miss—I thought I had hold of the knocker.

PATTY. Now, all you can do is to be civil and beg my pardon.

DICK. Which I does, Miss, with becomin' grace. (*bows*) Is this Lady Marion—— (*looks at the card*) I can't make out that word.

PATTY. (*looks at it*) Nor me either. I never trouble my head about anything in print. It's Lady Marion Lovegood you want, I suppose.

DICK. That's it, Miss. Is she home?

PATTY. Yes, and her maiden confidential gazes on you.

DICK. Gaze away—go on gazin', and tell me when you've got through.

PATTY. (*turning away her eyes*) Done already.

DICK. Do gaze agin!—if there's anything I like, it is to be a target for a gaze—'specially if the gaze is made with two very blue eyes

I wouldn't mind takin' a salary to be gazed at under such circumstances—even if I were stuck in a case in the British Museum.

PATTY. La, Sir ! did you ever see that place ?

DICK. Of course I have—I've just come from London.

PATTY. I see—you are Sir Harry Graham's man.

DICK. His gentleman, Miss, if you please.

PATTY. My lady's been expecting him, and I've been expecting you.

DICK. Whew ! it's hot enough in town, and it's worse down here. I saw a fat man melt and run into the gutter at Charing Cross—nothing left of him but a strong smell of sin and sulphur.

PATTY. I don't believe that. (*placing the luggage on his back*) There—enough to break an elephant's back.

DICK. A whole Zoological Gardens, you might say. (*yawns*) I'm tired and sleepy.

PATTY. There I sympathizes with you.

DICK. I'm famous on sleepin'. I'll back myself to do forty winks or a three hours' doze with anybody, I know.

PATTY. It's not often I meddle with strange luggage, but I will help you. This way to the store-room.

DICK. I hope you'll provide me a goodish chamber.

PATTY. You shall have the best attie.

DICK. (*going*) Comfortably furnished ?

PATTY. Yes—a nice mattress and two chairs. There's a stuffed baboon and a model of a bee-hive on the mantel-shelf for ornaments.

DICK. You're very kind. A baboon and a bee-hive ! (*yawns*) I shall be in good company.

Exeunt R.U.E. behind the bower.

Enter SIR HARRY in propria personæ, L. U. E.

SIR H. (*speaks as he enters—whistles*) Trap ! Trap ! He is after a sly tabby that was winking under a love-knot of violets.

Enter LADY MARION from cottage R. H.

—Hallo, coz ! you're just in time to bid me welcome. How is your dear self, the blossom-buried fay ? (*embraces*)

LADY M. Bravely, Sir Harry, never in better health or spirits. Have you just arrived ?

SIR H. But this moment. I sent my servant with the luggage from the inn where I made a slight pause. (*looks about*) On my honor this is a charming place—butterflies, sunshine, garlands, et cetera—et cetera.

LADY M. Charming as they are, they are not congenial. You are too fond of your opera-box, cards at Crookford's, tête-à-tête at Cheltenham, a quadrille at Almaek's. Ha, ha ! you see, Sir Harry, I know your taste.

SIR H. I've cut cards.

LADY M. Ha, ha ! No doubt of it, and will do so again at the earliest opportunity.

SIR H. Nonsense, coz—it's a fact. I've repudiated high, low,

game—all! and as to the opera, that (*snapping his fingers*) for all the prima-donnas this side of the Tiber!

LADY M. ~~And with the upper notes of Malibran still ringing in your ears,~~

SIR H. As to balls and routs, the stupid dances always made me giddy.

LADY M. All the effect of the——

SIR H. Hot saloons.

LADY M. Yes, when the wine had run out. Here in the shade when the twilight steals in with its gray edge, a trip on the green-sward is the most exhilarating thing imaginable.

SIR H. Glorious! How I could waste so much time at Cheltenham is a mystery; if ever I step foot there again, may I be flirled to death by dowagers.

LADY M. Ha, ha! have the turbans disturbed you? Now confess—you know you've broken more hearts than time will ever mend with Cupid's cement—matrimony.

SIR H. Hang Cupid. If I ruled over the empire of love, I'd break his arrows over his back, and give his bow to the parish workhouse.

LADY M. Poor little dear, his ears must burn to be talked of so lightly.

SIR H. I'd tell him so to his face. Produce more Cupid, any number of Cupids, and I'll set them down, I warrant.

LADY M. You must not ask impossibilities, my dear Sir Harry, to prove your contempt. Ha, ha! I suspect the "rosy boy" has done something serious to offend you. Ha, ha!

SIR H. Laugh on. I've undergone a moral metamorphose. All I desire now is a fond trusting wife—a country one, and love shall sleep in our hearts like dew in the summer flowers.

LADY M. I'll find you one—my friend Florence—your letters were extremely sentimental.

SIR H. I trust I shall realize my fondest wishes. (*crosses*) And that reminds me of a pleasant circumstance—I'll tell it you over a cup of chocolate.

LADY M. Take care, Sir Harry, that you do not change your notions, ere long, about Cupid.

Exeunt into Cottage, R.H.

Enter RUPERT, L.H., reading a letter.

RUP. On the very threshold of my happiness, this fatal letter foreshadows sadness and misery. (*reads*) "Your father's affairs were deeply involved, and the only remedy left you is to sell the cottage." No, never! It would wring my mother's heart. I will work until these arms are powerless, first. A ray of hope flashes o'er me. My grandmother bequeathed me a letter, with a clause on the envelope, that I was not to open it until I was of age, or specially needed counsel. An hour of trouble has come, and I want but a month of my majority. Florence has that letter, I entrusted it to her keeping.

Enter FLORENCE and MRS. STANLEY, L.H.

—Sister, you remember a letter I left with you before going to London?

FLOR. Grandmamma's, with the strange request on the envelope.

RUP. Yes, yes! It is safe, I trust?

FLOR. Why, how you flurry one. What is the matter, Rupert? you know its contents must remain a secret till you are of age. *(she produces it from her bosom, he attempts to take it, and she withdraws it playfully)*

RUP. This is not a time for levity. The letter that awaited me brings intelligence of unexpected misfortune.

LADY MARION enters R.H., unseen, and conceals in bower.

FLOR. How?

MRS. S. Misfortune!

FLORENCE *gives him the letter—He breaks the seal and reads hurriedly.*

RUP. Joy, joy! A poison, and here the antidote. Our little property would have been seized to pay some old debts, but this saves us from ruin.

FLOR. Explain, brother?

MRS. S. How, my son?

RUP. *(to FLORENCE)* Where is the little red box whose value I have just learned?

FLOR. *(with emotion)* The box—what good can it do us?

RUP. Listen. *(reads)* "My dear grandson, I know the temptation to which youth is exposed, and also that necessity calls forth the noblest powers of mankind. I am fond of surprises, and adopt a rather odd method of bequeathing you fortune. I did not wish you to know of the existence of property until you were of age. The box I gave you contains a false bottom, in which you will find deeds and papers that will confer upon you and your mother and sister wealth, and I trust, happiness."

FLOR. *(shrieks and falls into RUPERT'S arms)*

MRS. S. Heavens! what can have affected her thus?

RUP. This sudden joy. Florence!—sister!

FLOR. *(abstractedly)* What have I done?—what have I done?

RUP. Bear up, sister—you should rather laugh with joy. See what our little box will do for us!

FLOR. Oh, my heart is breaking! *(speaks with difficulty)* That—that box is no longer in my possession. I did not know its worth—

RUP. Not in your possession! She knows not what she is saying.

FLOR. And thinking you would never wish it, I exchanged it with a pedlar for this chain.

(Showing the chain around her neck.)

—I sink with shame! *(falls on her mother's breast weeping)* Oh, mother! how can I atone for this fault?

RUP. Great God! the means that were held out for our rescue, wrested from us by the hand of a sister! Florence, Florence, how could you betray this trust?

LADY MARION *approaches*.

FLOR. Lady Marion here! she will hate, despise me!

LADY M. Pardon me, neighbours—*friends* I should rather say—I have been an unwilling listener to what has just passed. My father expressed a desire before his death that, if ever your cottage was for sale, I should become its purchaser. I am anxious it shall not pass into other hands, as I wish to secure your continuance in a home endeared to you by many happy associations. If, by gratifying my father's wish, I can relieve you, Mrs. Stanley, from what I trust will only prove a transient embarrassment, ~~I shall not consider myself less your debtor.~~ When the time comes that you desire to reclaim it, I will not withhold its restoration.

MRS. S. You have caused the widow's heart to sing with joy. Heaven will reward your kindness!

FLOR. Noble, generous friend! you have saved me from despair!

PICTURE.

END OF ACT OF THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Drawing-room in LADY MARION'S Villa, elegantly furnished, opening on a garden, with practicable doors c.—Doors B.H. and L.H.U.E.—Vases, pedestals, &c.—Portfolio, album, and bell, on table c.*

PATTY *discovered, dusting the furniture, and singing*—"Heigho for a husband!"

PATTY. There—the things look smarter. (*sings*) I've rubbed till my elbow aches. (*dusting album*) What's this? A spot of dirt, as I live! This is some of Blue Dick's work, the filthy fellow! If I catch him meddling with these books, it won't be good for his animal spirits. (*turns out the pictures from portfolio, and replaces them*) Bless me! what a sweet-faced young lady! If she hadn't such a pot-hook nose, she'd be pretty. Next to red hair and white eyebrows, I don't know anything I dislike more than pot-hook noses. (*takes picture of Shakspeare—spells*) S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e. Why don't they put his first name?—they never do; but perhaps he hadn't any. If I remember right, Dick told me he was the author of Byron's Poems. (*takes picture of Napoleon—reads*) N-a-p-o-l-e-o-n B-o-n-a-p-a-r-t-e. That name's mixed up with Waterloo somehow

or the other. He whipped Wellington—or wanted to, and didn't; or Wellington whipped him—or wanted to, and did;—I can't tell how it was exactly.

Enter DICK, hurriedly, L.H.D.

DICK. Oh, Patty, I've such news!

PATTY. Well, what is it?

DICK. You know I was sayin', yesterday, that master was goin' to London; but I was mistaken. (*in a confidential whisper*) Sir Harry is *hawfully* in love with Miss Florence, over the way.

PATTY. Why, you great stupid, tell me something I don't know. He loved her afore he ever saw her—loved her by letter,—to be sure he did. By the merest chance—by the *very merest*, as I avoid family secrets as unbecomin' a person in my position—I found it all out. There's love all around,—Sir Harry loves Florence—my lady loves Mr. Stanley—and 'tween you and—— You won't mention it?

DICK. Mum—not a word!

PATTY. *You love me!*

DICK. What powers of perception! You visit my dreams *hevery* night.

PATTY. I never do any such thing, Mr. Dick,—it would be very unbecomin'.

DICK. I mean your bright *himage*, my dear.

PATTY. Oh! that's another thing. Me and my image are very different persons.

DICK. (*impassioned*) Yes, I dreamt last night we were walkin' arm-in-arm in a *horange* grove on the banks of the Blue Moselle. *Heverything* around wore the *hair* of *horiental* splendour. Choice fruits and sunny skies gave us welcome, and the zephyyers passing by were loaded with tropic perfumes——

PATTY. Oh, how scrumptious!

DICK. Golden streams rippled at our feet——

PATTY. It's a wonder they didn't get wet.

DICK. Don't *hinterrupt* me!——rippled at our feet, and a hazy silver seemed to 'over around us like a mantle of glory. I told you fairy tales of love—how wealth had suddenly fallen on the poor and lowly. You wept with joy, and called me your "*hown, hown one*,"—at that moment, a myriad voices in the *hatmosphere* blended in one rich 'armony the last new polka, and we went dancing away into the realms of *hetherial* bliss!

MUSIC, to which they polk off R.H. 1 E

Enter SIR HARRY and LADY MARION, L.H.D.

LADY M. (*speaking as she enters*) Yes, my dear Sir Harry, while your suit is progressing uninterruptedly, I must make a confidant of you, and tell you, that he who is most favoured in my eyes is so reserved on one point. Does Rupert think, because I am rich, that I am to be regarded with as much awe as admiration?

SIR H. Rupert is a brave fellow, all soul and nobleness, but he should take a lesson from me and cast aside useless diffidence. It was

no easy matter to make a conquest of Florence's heart, after her folly in selling her grandmother's beads and box.

LADY M. ~~Poor Florence! My heart bled for her. She will never cease to reproach herself for her foolish vanity, which I fear I was the indirect means of inspiring. To return to what we were speaking of—~~Rupert's apathy is unbearable. He is generous, ardent, and enthusiastic on every subject but the one of which I believe—

SIR H. His heart is in reality most engaged.

LADY M. Then why is he so cold?—not *cold* either, that does not express it—he seems to be sensible of an inequality, and will make that a bar. I would, for his own sake, that he had the gift of fortune. I'll tell you what I have a mind to do; pretend poverty, my fortune transferred to somebody else, eh? How will that operate?

SIR H. A capital scheme, and if he regain his actual property—the box and its treasures—the matter will be reversed. He the heir, and you, to all appearance, the penniless. Adopt it by all means.

LADY M. And will you join me in the confederacy?

SIR H. Heart and hand.

LADY M. I have a plan in addition to this scheme. I shall see his old lady friend who wears the mob cap.

SIR H. And what then?

LADY M. I'll leave my fortune to her; you shall find it all out in time.

SIR H. But I am a partner in the game, and should be informed accordingly. 'Twill guard me against a false play.

LADY M. Never fear. (*calls*) Peepo! (*to SIR HARRY*) Be silent and watch my progress.

PATTY. (*without*) Yes, my lady.

Enter PATTY, R. 1 E.

LADY M. Prepare my travelling dress—You know what I mean?

PATTY. To the article, Ma'am.

LADY M. And where they are?

PATTY. The exact spot. (*aside*) Was trying it on yesterday. Could find it in the dark, your ladyship, if it was necessary.

Exit curtseying, R.H.D.

LADY M. Now I think of it, Florence, or some of them may be calling in, so I had better get ready to put my plan into effect. Pardon my absence at this moment, Sir Harry, and I will soon report progress.

Exit R.H.D.

SIR H. *Au revoir!* I wonder where the devil my tiger has got to? I set eyes on him now about once a day. (*rings bell*) Curse the rascal, I'll chain him to the dog-kennel. (*rings again*)

PATTY. (*without, R.H.D., to DICK*) Blue, your master's bell is ringing.

Enter DICK, R. 1 E.

DICK. (*speaks as he enters*) Coming, Sir—yes, Sir!

SIR H. Where are your ears? Didn't you hear me ring?

DICK. On my head—no, Sir. (*aside*) That's quick enough.

SIR H. What were you about when I rang?

DICK. Tying a ribbon about Tip's neck.

SIR H. Who is Tip, pray?

DICK. The cherry-coloured puss, Sir Harry, that Peepo is fond of.

SIR H. I must find some more profitable employment for you than fondling cats.

DICK. (*serious*) It's a beautiful helement of the 'eart, Sir Harry, to be fond of dumb hanimals.

SIR H. I'll send you to London.

DICK. Please don't do that, Sir. The country agrees with my way of thinkin' better than London, and the privilege of being near you, Sir Harry, is a great deal.

SIR H. (*aside*) The rascal's faithful and fond of me, it seems. (*aloud*) What's the matter—have you become tired of town life?

DICK. Yes, Sir. I've followed your example—cut the Metropolis, and been makin' love.

SIR H. (*aside*) Ah! now it's out. (*aloud*) To whom?

DICK. Why, to Patty Peepo, please you, Sir. She loves me, she says, because I sympathises with her. I don't wish to go to London, Sir. (*places his hand on his heart*) This little thing would go all to bits, and then I should be a wreck. (*sighs*)

SIR H. It is not my desire to interfere with your happiness in any way; if you think you can be in the way when you're wanted I have no objection to your remaining. Go over to the inn and tell the ostler to have the sociable ready at four o'clock. (*DICK is going*) And hasten back, I may want you.

DICK. I thank you, Sir Harry, you are a kind master. I would recommend you to any respectable valet. I'll fly on the wings of the wind, and when I'm out of the way of your bell again——

SIR H. Don't be rash, Richard.

DICK. No, Sir. I hope I may be instantly discharged. (*aside, as he goes off*) And taken back next day with an increase of wages.

Exit L. I E.

Enter FLORENCE and RUPERT from garden, c.

SIR H. Good morning, Florence. Well, Rupert, how is Blackstone, and all the musty sheep-skins?

RUP. Confound all laws but the law of Nature—at least, for the present. Florence and I have been in the garden making up a breast-pin of posies.

FLOR. (*showing a bouquet*) Are they not pretty!

SIR H. (*sm lls them*) Exquisite!

FLOR. Where is Lady Marion?

SIR H. I suppose she is hidden somewhere—embroidering moon-coloured brigands on black satin, or working wolves in woollen as a cheerful amusement.

FLOR. She has not been over this morning, and you know, Sir Harry, I must have at least a score of glimpses of her daily, or I could not exist.

SIR H. Quite a coincidence! That's my case with you. Oh! these attachments—eh, Rupert?

RUP. I leave that to you lovers to decide.

SIR H. Why don't you thrive by the example I have set? As I often say to Lady Marion, take a lesson from Florence and—— (*points to himself*) There's not a day passes by without vows from me.

RUPERT *retires back, and gazes into garden.*

FLOR. Sir Harry's confidence, I may say boldness, soon surmounted my timidity, and as to his protestations, I've got so used to them, I pay but very slight attention——

SIR H. (*laughing*) You take them for granted, wisely considering the matter entirely settled.

RUP. (*looking into the garden*) Can I be deceived? No, it must be. I can never forget that mob cap. (*to SIR HARRY and FLORENCE*) You remember the old lady I met in the stage-coach, the day I came from London?

SIR H. We remember your accounts—particularly the spectacles and huge mob cap.

RUP. She just this moment passed by the garden-gate. I must run after her. I will speak with the good old creature again.

Exit into garden c.

FLOR. Who would think an old-fashioned body would have such attractions.

SIR H. If it was a prim little beauty, I shouldn't wonder at his anxiety. Rupert can't make up his mind to much more than sail around the fairy dominions of love, when he comes in contact with Marion, although it is evident he is charmed with her society.

FLOR. Enchained would perhaps better express the feeling. His sense of honour is most poignant. How often he has lamented the inequality of our position in life.

SIR H. Perhaps one of these days, when assured of the purity of his own motives, he will summon resolution and surprise even himself. Ere we canvass his motives farther, let us visit your little diamond-latticed bower, and enjoy the woodbines, the soft perfume of which invites us thither.

Exeunt c.

Enter PATTY, R.H.D.

PATTY. I'm satisfied now, there is a deep game goin' on, and the consequence will be a great ending in rout-cakes, orange-flowers, and confectionery. Well, I hope the Vicar will make us all happy, if he does get the job.

Enter BLUE DICK, L. 1 E.

DICK. Where's my master? Oh! I thought I was going to be parted from the hidol of my 'eart.

PATTY. What do you mean?

DICK. Master thinks of sendin' me up to London.

PATTY. Well, all I've got to say is, if you go I do the same. There I sympathizes with you.

DICK. And will your sympathies go as far as London ?

PATTY. To the end of the world. Where my feelin's are concerned the North Pole or Scamschatchia wouldn't stop me—so powerful, so deep, is a waitin'-maid's love !

DICK. Peepo, that eloquence brings me to my knees. This is my first love, and on my knees—(*kneeling*)—I lay my heart at your feet.

PATTY. (*aside, kneeling*) There's sympathy. (*aloud*) Now let us plight. Your love is mine ?

DICK. (*sighs*) Yes, Peepo.

PATTY. Now ask me if mine is yours.

DICK. Is yours mine ?

PATTY. Richard, it is—for ever.

DICK. 'Appy Dick ! you do not deserve such 'appiness.

PATTY. Yes you do, Richard, and now——

DICK. I know what to do now. I must put my arm round your neck, and—— (*kisses her*) I won't say what.

SIR HARRY and FLORENCE appear at the garden entrance.

PATTY. (*sighs*) I don't wonder that is so often done. Repeat !

DICK. I 'aven't the shade of an objection. (*kisses her*) Nothin' but fate shall part us !

They suddenly perceive SIR HARRY and FLORENCE watching them—PATTY opens her eyes, sighs, and runs off L., and DICK exits R.—Scene changes.

SCENE II.—A woodland path, with bank, 1st groove.

Enter RUPERT, and LADY MARION disguised as an old woman in mob cap and spectacles.

LADY M. (*adapting her voice to the character*) Yes, I am travelling about, as usual, and have stopped at Alderbrook to make a visit to Lady Marion, the granddaughter of my old friend. I am old, and it wearies me to walk far—let me rest and ask after your welfare. I have not forgotten your kindness to the aged, nor shall I.

RUP. (*brushes the bank with his handkerchief—They sit*) You are very thoughtful. It was my duty to protect age from insult.

LADY M. I am an eccentric old creature, but I am well off in the world. I want to serve you if I can. I am told there is a young lady in London to whom you are attached, and would marry, but for the disparity of your fortune. If it is so, I can make you happy by my means, and I shall bless the hour that brought us together, even near the end of my pilgrimage.

RUP. A thousand thanks for your generosity ; but you are misinformed.

LADY M. I fear you are not candid with me. The heart craves

for a kindred heart. Confide in me, and I will not betray you.
(*coughs, and speaks with difficulty*)

RUP. (*apart*) How singular this interest, yet I cannot doubt its sincerity. (*aloud*) Ah, London holds no place in my heart; but where I *do* love I dare not hope. ~~Your generosity cannot avail me.~~

LADY M. ~~Where? I want no half confidences.~~

RUP. There is one then, with whom, were she poor, beggary would be a paradise. Fortune has placed her far above my humble reach, and to her hand it would be presumption to aspire. Sometimes emboldened by her condescension, I have dared to think had my lot been different—but no, it can never be. I need not say more.

LADY M. If you mean your neighbour, Lady Marion, I do not see the presumption of your hopes. (RUPERT *starts*) She is rich, it is true, but what does she want with riches in another? She found no joy in wealth. I know the history of her marriage; it was involuntary on her part, and brought no happiness—a state of splendid bondage. Why do you not learn from her whether your love is hopeless?

RUP. She has often spoken of the loneliness of her destiny, and the insufficiency of wealth to satisfy the cravings of the heart. These wild dreams dazzled my imagination, and gilt the future with the hues of heaven. But the dread of being banished from her presence, of incurring the displeasure of one who has been the benefactor of our family. You, who are in the winter of your days, can have no conception of the strength of these mental conflicts. (*they rise*)

LADY M. I have not forgotten the memories of youth. (*leans on his shoulder for support*)

RUP. May I not ask the name of the friend to whose bounty I am so much indebted?

LADY M. They call me Aunt Bridget. My property is my own, and I have a right to bequeath it to whom I like. I have chosen you as my heir, and you may consider yourself equal in fortune to the young widow.

RUP. Generous being!

LADY M. Not a word of thanks—not, at least, until legal measures are taken to secure it to your possession.

RUP. What have I done to excite so romantic an interest?—what can I do to prove myself worthy of it?

LADY M. Be sincere,—truth is the only bond of love. But leave me now—I would see Lady Marion.

RUP. And shall I not accompany you? This exertion—

LADY M. No, I would visit her first alone. One word before we part. You must plead your own cause. If you have not courage to meet the consequences, whatever they may be, you merit the humiliation of your pride. Farewell!

RUP. Your words have inspired me with new hope. I *will* be guided by your counsel, whate'er the result. (*embraces her*) Heaven prosper you! Farewell!

LADY M. Good bye—we shall soon meet again.

Exit LADY MARION R., RUPERT L.

SCENE III.—LADY MARION'S *Drawing-room as before.**Enter FLORENCE C.*

FLOR. ~~Not here? So, Sir Harry, I presume you are playing bo-peep somewhere in the bushes, and I, like another disconsolate Hero, vainly in search of my Leander. A pretty tête-à-tête in the arbour this, really!~~

Enter PATTY C.

PATTY. Please, Ma'am, a pedlar at the door wishes to speak with you,—that shockin' rude man that made me spill my complexion-powder.

FLOR. A pedlar? (*aside*) Heavens! perhaps it may be the same to whom I gave the box. (*aloud*) Admit him at once.

PATTY. Yes, Ma'am. I thought you didn't want to be troubled with his fiddle-de-dee trumpery, and ——

Enter SIR HARRY, disguised as the Pedlar, C.—FLORENCE, on perceiving him, falls into a chair to suppress her emotion.

—As I hope for cast-off gowns, if he hasn't been and gone and come in without asking.

SIR H. (*chucks PATTY under the chin*) Good day, my pretty dear!

PATTY. (*indignant*) Don't "pretty dear" me! Keep your paws to yourself! Look at poor Miss,—she hates a pedlar from the bottom of her heart, and so do I.

FLOR. Patty, I beg you will withdraw a few moments.

PATTY. Certainly, Miss, but I'll be near you. I wouldn't trust these pedlars further than I could see them. If he gets cantankerous, Blue Dick shall be after him.

Exit shaking her hand at him threateningly, &c.

SIR H. I beg pardon, Miss, but my presence——

FLOR. (*on hearing his voice, starts, as if it was familiar—aside*) How much that voice—my poor brain is confused.

SIR H. (*aside*) Can she suspect? (*speaks affectedly*) I was saying my presence seemed to agitate you. Was my last bargain so unequal that you have not ceased to regret it?

FLOR. (*aside*) This is the same pedlar, then. (*aloud*) You are the person with whom I exchanged a string of beads and box.

SIR H. The same.

FLOR. Are they still in your possession?

SIR H. Why you see, Miss, the beads were old fashioned, and I should like to sell them back——

FLOR. ~~It needs no answer~~—the box, where is that?

SIR H. The red-covered box?

FLOR. Yes, yes, for Heaven's sake——

SIR H. I'm sorry to say, Miss—a youngish man at the "Duke's Head——"

FLOR. ~~My heart tells me all~~—you parted with it. My last ray of hope has flown.

SIR H. I often see the man that bought it.

FLOR. Is there still hope then to cling to? Can you again see him?

SIR H. Whenever I please.

FLOR. That box, from associations of the most interesting character, is prized beyond measure in our family. I parted with it without knowing its value; place it once more in my hands and the sum of ten guineas shall be yours. (*half aside*) Pray Heaven it may be restored. How happy it will make us all.

SIR H. I'll search for it at once.

FLOR. Your activity shall not go unrewarded.

SIR H. I will be back before you dream of it. You'll find the pedlar a man of his word.

Exit c.

FLOR. I will fly and acquaint them all of those welcome tidings. Sir Harry will be delighted, and Rupert will be in transports.

Exit R. 1 E.

Enter RUPERT, c., from the garden.

RUP. Shall I follow the Sybil's counsel? I promised her that her advice should be heeded, and it e'en must be so.

Enter LADY MARION, L.H.D.

—Well met, lady Marion! I have but now spoken with a friend of yours. She is very singular, but extremely interesting in her eccentricities. Is she with you yet?

LADY M. How odd. I was about to make a similar remark. She will be with us whenever you desire.

RUP. (*aside*) Can my confessions have been revealed?

LADY M. (*aside*) Can he suspect?

RUP. When I spoke of the old lady in the mob-cap, you did not say you knew her.

LADY M. True, I did not. There are a great many mob caps, and I am not supposed to have the honour of their universal acquaintance.

RUP. And this old lady is an old friend, then?

LADY M. Of all my relations, ever since I can recollect.

RUP. How singular that we should have met in the stage coach. It was quite providential.

LADY M. Providential! In what way?

RUP. (*aside*) She does not know that she has chosen me her heir.

Enter DICK, c.

DICK. I beg your ladyship's pardon, but I was commanded by a pedlar to put this parcel into the hands of Mr. Stanley, without delay. He didn't wait for an answer, but bolted through the garden, and said he'd be back to claim his reward.

Gives RUPERT the box, tied neatly up in brown paper, and exit c.

RUP. A pedlar—parcel—reward! This is a day of mysteries. (*tears it open*) What is this—do I dream? Good Heaven! it is the little red box that Florence sold. (*opens it and discovers the papers in the false bottom*) See, here are the papers safe and untouched in the secret recess. Now can I repay your goodness, my sweet lady, and once more restore happiness to my mother's cottage.

LADY M. I congratulate you, Rupert.

RUP. I feel that you do; forgive this foolish tear, but the prospect of being able to return *your* kindness—

LADY M. Do not think of that, I beg of you. Yet I would speak to you, Rupert, on a subject which I trust will not cost me the withdrawal of your *friendship*.

RUP. ~~My friendship—I will say it—friendship, that is not the feeling—~~ (*falls on his knees at her feet*) ~~Forgive me, Marion, say my love, which no power on earth can change.~~

LADY M. (*aside*) ~~Better and better.~~ You have known me, surrounded with wealth and splendour, and as such envied and admired. My fortune has been transferred to another, and you see me now destitute of that tinsel glare which threw a radiance round me, ~~which was not my own.~~ Flatterers may desert me, but *friends*—I trust I may retain.

RUP. Your fortune gone, and mine restored! (*placing her hands in his own*) Hear me, dear Marion, for I can call you nothing else, do not think I rejoice at your loss. Heaven forbid, but I have now the means to make us all happy. The bane is removed, and I can give utterance to my pent-up feelings. I feel *now* that it was not you of whom I stood in dread, but your riches. Now I can proclaim the passion that has enthroned my soul;—kind, dear Marion, I *love* you!

LADY M. Am I then loved for myself alone—~~by one, too, from whom I have vainly awaited this avowal to justify my preference?~~

RUP. Read my sincerity in every lineament of this countenance.

LADY M. And now, in the fulness of my heart's content, let me not forget your old friend, who is waiting, no doubt, with impatience, to greet you. You will, probably, be surprised to learn that she is the lawful inheritor of my fortune, and all that I have enjoyed was her just due.

Exit L. 1 E.

RUP. Amazement! Can I believe my senses?—this is some wild dream from which I am waking.

Enter FLORENCE and MRS. STANLEY, R. 1 E.

FLOR. (*with anxiety*) Oh, my dear Rupert, I've such glad tidings!

RUP. And I the same.

FLOR. Would you believe it?—our little red box will be recovered.

RUP. Has been recovered, my dear sister. See, here it is, and the papers are safe and unharmed.

FLOR. That pedlar, after all, is a good creature.

Enter PATTY, C., preceding SIR HARRY, still in disguise.

PATTY. He would come in.

SIR H. I was promised ten guineas.

FLOR. The pedlar has come for his reward. Give him, Rupert, what he desires—I feel so happy I could refuse him nothing.

SIR H. Forgive me then for asking that in return which will indeed be a golden reward. (*throws off wig, whiskers, and disguise*) It is the hand of Florence Stanley!

OMNES. Sir Harry!

PATTY. Sir Harry, the pedlar—carbuncles, diamonds, carrots—goodness gracious! (*goes back and beckons in DICK from garden*)

FLOR. Oh, Sir Harry! what a victim I have been. You are a sad masquerader. How could you torture me by this concealment?

SIR H. My dear Florence, I confess my disguise led you into an error, which had I foreseen, I should have by all means averted. However, the part once assumed it remained to be acted out, and I am confident that in tracing the denouement of my little masque, it will surely tend to profit, and bring a sweet recompense for the month's anguish you have endured.

ELOR. And was Rupert not in the secret?

SIR H. No—I was jealous of the achievement, and kept it all to myself. Not even Lady Marion—

Enter LADY MARION, L. I E. in disguise.

RUP. (*advancing and supporting her*) Wisest and best of counsellors, to you I owe the blessing of this hour. It was surely a propitious star that shone upon me when I first seated myself by you, that memorable night.

LADY M. Aunt Bridget desires no thanks.

FLOR.

and

MRS. S.

} Aunt Bridget!

RUP. Had you not come to prove your claim to her wealth, the spell that bound me would not yet have been broken, and a wall of separation might still have arisen between hearts that have met and blended, and will continue to mingle through eternity.

LADY MARION betrays great emotion, and leans on him for support—PATTY runs and supports her on L.H.

—You are agitated—you tremble with exhaustion.

LADY M. I am growing weak.

RUP. It must be the heat of the room. (*endeavours to untie her cap-strings, failing in which, he breaks the ribbons asunder, and the mob cap, spectacles, and cloak fall off simultaneously*) Good heavens! Lady Marion!

ALL. Lady Marion!

LADY M. (*laughing*) Will you forgive me this harmless duplicity? Will you forgive me for continuing a disguise through love which commenced from eccentric motives? Young and unprotected, I have

sometimes found safety in this disfiguring garb. Like the Arabian monarch in the Eastern fable, I like occasionally the covering of a mask, that I may be able to read the mysteries of the human heart. But my masquerade is over. I have now read all I ever wish to learn.

DICK. (to PATTY) I think we had better follow the general example.

PATTY. (L.) There I sympathizes with you. Henceforard you shall be called by——

DICK. (L.) The responsible name of husband?

PATTY. No, I'll call you my dickey bird.

RUP. If ever heart was full, it is mine at this moment, and the difficulty is, I scarcely know whom most to thank for these unexpected blessings.

LADY M. It occurs to me, that the Mob Cap has done its share in the good work. ~~But let that pass~~—one promise I shall exact.

RUP. A thousand if you please.

LADY M. Promise not to love me less because I am rich. I know the chain which binds a heart like yours must be of flowers such as affection culls—the only gold within its links, the simple marriage-ring.

Curtain.



